UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1154.

Original Poetry.

A WERRY LAMENTABLE SONG On the Girls Absent in Dog Days.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

The girls are all out of the city,
Like birds to their summer once flown,
And you think it a terrible pity
That we are left flying alone!
There's no place at church to rest,
A day time how dull the pew!
I've a very strong notion to quit it—
This habit of running away.

There's Miss Arminius Sacheleather,
And blue-stocking Patty Preston,
Our lectures not making no better,
The other as frigid as ice—
There's merry Jemima Giffering,
Who a handsel of talent affords—
And that tiny, Polly Hang-your-stockings,
Who to marry a million adores.

There's Mary Tenthousand and sister,
Two dowse from the same former lot,
But I'd rather all life wear a blister
Than either be married to me—
All! one to some bleeching Senator try
A first-honor or cottage sow—
Tu Nelson or dear Niagary,
Nursing' as that horrid Cape May.

Committee at discount are selling,
And Salisbury's a drug queer to change,
The Fourier declares there's no selling
What's the matter. Signs of some strange
Maxims nowhere die off by starvation,
And everybody's for each all-ups the blues—
But husbands and pas in election
Thank heaven there's no fall for shoes!

The girls are all out of the city,
I vow that I'll vote 'em a bore—
Here's a fig for each little Miss Witty,
To-morrow I'm off for the shore.
There's plenty of sailing and sporting,
Whirling and all sorts of fun,
Any one of these better than courting
At home 'till the dog days are done.

August. RUB STRAWN.

Original Novel.

PAUL JONES.

A Story of the Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY KEEPER RINGBOLT.

"The star spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

INTRODUCTION

The following autobiography of the "time that tried your souls" was discovered in an old black walnut escritoire, purchased at an auction a few months since. This antique piece of furniture was sent a pattern which many of my readers may recall, to have seen in old mansion houses, being a chest of drawers surmounted by an inclined top somewhat resembling that of a desk. At the rear side of the secretaries in front, and immediately above the top drawer, were two slides, which apparently had no other object than to serve as supports to the lid of the desk. Such an article of furniture having come, however, belonged to my grandfather, and I going one day last autumn into the garret to look for one that these slides had another use, and that there real letters had to contend against the reverse hid-den behind them. I set to work, therefore, to search for the concealed spring which would give me access to these slides and mysterious receptacle, but for which my enquiry unrewarded. I soon perceived the object I sought and had the pleasure of drawing forth a box, about six inches square, attached to the back board of the slide. Nothing, however, rewarded my curiosity except a few old receipts, some promissory notes long since valueless, and a bundle of continental money which had been buried here in the vain hope that at its resurrection it might be of value. Not discouraged, however, I proceeded to open the slide on the other side of the secretaire. Here my labors were more rewarded, for I discovered a curious old manuscript, tied with red tape, and written on thick paper somewhat discolored by time, in a small neat hand, with ink that from its appearance had been a dirty brown. The manuscript was quite voluminous, and, on examination, proved to be a journal kept by a sea-officer, during the latter years of the American revolution, and continued, with many interruptions, up to the close of the eighteenth century. The last entry, I find in the manuscript, is that of the funeral pageant at Philadelphia, from the federal capital of the union, in honor of the immortal Washington. The task of this part of the manuscript, rather than that it's the earlier pages, and the water mark of the paper is of the preceding year. There is every appearance in this the entire documents, that a single day sufficed for the entry of a son officer's life, one of the many who, from one cause or another have passed away, leaving behind no public mention of their history and services, except when their names occur, honorably mentioned, in some of the earlier Annual registers, or in the pages of a newspaper, or in the columns of a magazine. Such, I consider myself fortunate in having, by this lucky accidental discovery, found, on comparing it with the best histories of that time, that the events it professes to record, agree faithfully with the accredited chronicles of the day, though it differs somewhat from the accounts which were formerly received, but which have of late years, under the searching eye of analytical research, been proved to be inaccurate. Thus, I think, sufficiently established its authenticity; and, as in those events reason relates to truth or falsity can be established by the histories of our revolution, it agrees with the accredited accounts, there is every reason to presume that the details of a more private nature with which it abounds, are also correct. At least I have taken them to be so, and in that belief have digested the following narrative, under the impression that it may not prove uninteresting.

In doing so, I have omitted much which would be irrelevant, and reduced the remainder, as nearly as possible, into an artistical shape. The narrative, as given below, does not comprise a third of the journal detailing the same events, but what would be curious to the antiquary, would scarcely repay a general reader's perusal. With these remarks we submit it our manuscript.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN: THE SHIP: THE CREW.

The magnificent apartments of the Duc de Lorme were crowded with the beauty, fashion and beauty of the French metropolis. The mass of round thrown open to the guests was beyond description grand, and seemed to my inexperienced eyes, accustomed only to the lower splendor of the colonies, to rival the gorgeous halls of Alladin, of which I had once categorized in my boyhood. The most exalted grandees, of the rarest device, flung their perfumed light around, and strains of music, winding beyond description, continually rose on the ear, charged with fragrance of musk and incense, wafted in their dreamy with all the grace of Grecian art, exceeded the lustre, filling the mind with images of voluptuous delight. Curtains of gold and velvet drooped from the lofty casements. Pictures, arranged tastefully at the end of the long suite of apartments, or in a natural gradation, defined a delicious order around and ravished the eye with their beauty, which was the greater from its contrast to the magnificence of art on every hand, for nature in its simple loveliness is ever superior to art. And these lofty halls were filled with a company worthy of them. There were the most distinguished men in France; wits whose renown filled the world, philosophers whose speculations fascinated Europe, statesmen heavy with intrigue, artists whose immortal conceptions will live forever, poets such as France has not witnessed since the days of Louis Quatorze, and nobles in whose veins had flowed for centuries the unpolluted blood of the Franks, the Gaules, the Fayettes, the Montmorenzies of historic fame. There, too, were beautiful women, equaled by none on earth, with forms of exquisite symmetry, graceful as the swan, luxuriant as the orientals! powers of conversation. Never had I seen anything resembling the splendor or taste of their costumes—never had I been so fascinated by their remarks, a mixture of gay raillery and acute observation of the world. Accustomed only to the society of my native land I had been bewildered at finding myself surrounded by this glittering pageant of rank, beauty and genius.

Separated from my kind friend, to whom I owed my presence here, the Marchioness de L——, I knew not what to say to these, and was only too glad when I saw the venerable figure of my host approach me. His plain regulation dress and unassuming manner rendered the gorgeous and revolting demeanor of the other guests, gave me confidence, and I drew towards him unusually awaiting a recognition. He was engaged before me in the kind solicitudes of a score of admirers and friends, who crowded around him, all-vied him to preserve me. On his first observation of the stranger, all in the room, the prince of youthful beauty, ran to him, and kissed "the dear, delightful me," as she called him, and subsequently one of the loveliest dames in the room surrounded him, leading him with kindness and complacency, for each of whom he had a word. At length he made his way further into the apartment, when the Duchess de L——, ran herself for an offensive and placed her hand on his arm, and then again threw crowded around him the beauty and rank of the metropolis, till my heart thrilled and the tears started into my eyes to see so homage and love to a countryman. Little, I thought, did he imagine when he entered the streets of Philadelphia penniless, that the day was coming when he would be the idol of the proudest and most refined court in Europe, eclipsing in kingly Versailles itself the most far descendant of the French nobility. At length the eyes of Franklin fell on me. I saw, at once, I was not forgotten.

"Ah! my young friend from Boston," he said, "I am glad to see you. I hope you will find youth to admire here; but take care of your heart," he added gracefully, glancing at the ladies. "By the bye, I want to see you to-morrow. Meantime, as you are a stranger, let me counsel you to the fair lady," and turning to a high born dame at his side, he introduced us, and left me to her charge. I knew he was a man of few words. What he said, therefore, was sufficient; and I soon found that his notice made me an object of some interest, not during the remainder of the evening did I want for attention.

"Have you been long in Paris?" said my fair guide. "How do you like it? Have you seen our monuments?" and a thousand such like as the fair lady,

"What did you do?"

"What could I do?" he returned, in a tone of hopelessness. "There lay one victim of our plot, senseless, a crown that somehow, while the game stood with both contestants, I had failed to take up on with his murder. Under what circumstances I could have struck my sister to the earth for bringing this scandal upon us, I cannot think; but that she did, I remember him as cogent."

Mrs. Thompson sank into it in second low fall, then, possessing her distracted friendship and pardon for her tormented daughter, and done, pain deserved, withstanding of their hitherto faults, in consideration of the enduring quantities of wealth and popularity, which, through the influence of ostensible piety, the prudence at least, those forth conspicuously, and the distinguished. Her husband's cousin, Colonel Emma Langtie, sib understand, fully reputation the pardon, though not the friendship, while George the disposition of the family are included in the general amnesty.

One have losing talk by these events at liberty in the mind, is now a distinguished and rising member of the bar; and his fond wife has remarked that the crown of her life, as Mrs. Thompson, judge or jury, he invariably uses the same expression of countenance he wore the first time she ever saw him.

In order to prevent the possibility of any imputation of neglect towards our old friends, and also that we may avoid even a shadow of accusation as a faithful and elaborate historian, we have been at some pains to ascertain the fact that Miss Julia Dronsbeck is a person of reasoning known only to herself, came at length to the conclusion, (which, by the way, it is not) that she was a fit person to go through, perhaps, in some cases the too late conclusion of all her estimable sister; but for the truth of which insinuation the writer hereof respectfully declines to vouch,) that "marriage, rightly understood," might after all be rendered a very possible sort of thing; and she finally yielded her hand, and her fortune, in connection to the notably peculiar solicitations of Mr. Abram Adams. Our informant states that at the time he last saw Miss Julia, she was in "full blast practice" at dress-making, and was dressing a cat on her husband—with the most motherly tenderness and anxiety.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, September 9.

J. H. Patterson, Collector, is requested to make early settlement of accounts with this paper.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all subscriptions should be settled in advance, if possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been slow in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $5, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, gratis.

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Mme Reemer's new novel, "The Neigh Bours."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $30, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, one one copy of the Lady's World.

For $40, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

The money must always be sent free of postage. Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $5 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The reader will perceive that we have given very full extracts from the foreign papers. Lord Brougham, when he made the remarks in reference to the sea of the United States, and Ireland, had, probably forgotten that the Queen of England's husband has more than once presided at meetings in Exeter Hall, at which this country has been villified. Perhaps he makes the same apology in the case of the Queen's husband that he does in that of the President's son.

The Queen of Spain, we fear, without a regency, will shortly follow that of Victoria. In driving Espartero out of the country, the latter will find that they have opened the door for further anarchy. With all her faults, she was undoubtedly the most able man in the kingdom.

The repeal question in Ireland increases in interest, and it is said, begins to command more of the earnest attention of Englishmen than it has done heretofore. O'Connell's life and safety is not less valuable to him, than it is to the Queen, or her consort—for all feel that upon his shoulders, at this moment, rests the preservation of the peace of Ireland. A word from him would throw the whole population into a blaze—words from him now only preserve the peace of that part of the British Empire. The sentiment of peaceful acquiescence with which he would appear to have indoctrinated the whole people, their calm but unanimous demand for those rights, and above all, their abstinence from alcohol, the fearful source of all sorts of violence,—all these causes combined ought well for an important indication of their political governance, if not for the entire removal of them.

In the city, hustle, hustle, is now the word. All the world has come back from the watering places, and with the Western and other country merchants now in town, the city is all alive. Clamour, Market, Wall street, and other business streets are not to be mentioned in by hungers, or trod leisurely without being jostled. A tide of life runs through them which could not be exceeded anywhere to the new densest country of the city, and cheerful faces are seen in the street, in the counting-room, the mart, and the dwelling house. Even the rain, which has been so long falling to lubricate the navigation to land, to escape ille-tone, but are not to be complained of, as something remained to do, after the present occupation were dispensed with. The women, who borrow their expression from the other sex, look cheerful too; and altogether the good face of Philadelphia presents that animated look that was so much before it was so fashionable to cram hard words and pronouncing the tower back.

Speaking of Philadelphia, we observe that some of the newspapers "elsewhere" are in raptures with a caricature in which are included, at occurring at one time, all the misdoings of the last dozen years or so. Of the fairness of such a production we will not speak—because, rather in a caricature in the form of Mexico, and that I will receive commission—to form false impressions of the character of the country, and that I will also receive propositions from the Mexican government for the purchase of Texas, any proposition having for its object the separation of the department of Texas from the Union.

Four seats were lately killed in Boston county. Twenty-five murders, it is said, have been committed in that section of the country in the last year.

AMUSING DESCRIPTION.

A correspondent of the *Providence Journal* thus discusses upon the manner in which ladies bathe at the sea shore. The style of the writer makes the following rich indications, the book trade this Fall would seem to promise to be of much more amount than last. Of one who is about to enter upon the "The Gift," Carey & Hart's Philadelphia Literary list times be as they may, we are one of the most splendid ever published. The Appletons have upon a library of elegant devotional works getting ready for the press, and various other publishers are promising are making preparations. Campbell & Co. are about to publish Short's History of the Church of England:

"Each lady is allotted her attendant, who is a native of the seminaries. The Baptist denomination have put such promoted a new hymn-book on, we shall have a great deal of sweet and other peculiarities of taste. But at this rate, as items grow apace on us, we shall too much swell literary matter, for this part of the Post, and we quit, with the remark, that Lea & Blanchard have several valuable medical works just ready for issue.

Now, for "our table talks." One story is completed in this day's paper, and an original novelette in commencement, a critique of Irvine and points to other matters, we must, or ought to commence the new volume square, with together new metal by a well known and much admired writer. And, by the way, we have two or three such, and other productions for future numbers, which still, we are confident, will draw forward for tickets in the matrimonial lottery.

Mr. Thompson soon may fit to accord low fall, pon, preserve and distressed friendship and pardon. to her tormented daughter, and done, pain deserved,

MORE VILLAINY.

A series of *Freudulent* crimes was discovered in New York, on Monday. It appears that Henry Saucier, Jr., aged about eighteen, a clerk of Austen, Nichols & Co., was in the habit of visiting the banking house once midday on the 31st, Thursday, when he was at his desk. Supposing him to be sick, no one would have taken offence at his absence, and on learning from one of the banks that their account was overdrawn, Messrs. A., N. & Co., discovered that he had systematically been abstracting about $12,000 from the banks of this city, by forging the name of the firm to checks, which were mostly drawn by himself. On his departure for England in the Great Western, having secured a passage under the feigned name of W. P. Taylor, of Ohio. The following are the amounts reported to have been paid by several banks on these forged checks. Union Bank, $3000; City Bank $4000; Phenix Bank $5000; Mechanics' Bank $8000; Bank of America $4000; Seventh Ward Bank $3000; Merchants' Exchange $2000; Manhattan Bank $1000; Bank of Commerce $2500; Bank of State of New York $2000.

The imitation of the signatures is most perfect; and so the youth is not a good penman, it is certain that he must have been used to the signatures of others. His father is an Englishman, and resides at Manhattanville. When he disappeared from the counting-room, Tuesday, the bank officers supposed he was gone to those banks (as all which he was known as the clerk of A., W. & Co.) drawn the money, and left the city. But on the 1st instant, he left Boston, in clothing, paid his bill, and passing rapidly to the office of the Great Western, took passage under the name of Wm. Richard Taylor, for Liverpool, $100 thereby, and $5 for the steward, and immediately gave up in the ship just in time to get on board, before the departure at 9 o'clock. He was not missed during house, when taking leave, that his father had been taken to appointment at a medical office in the British service. As yet the father and the police are in search of, has not been heard of.

The above was all we knew in the city of New York after the departure of the steamer, and that, consequently, he cannot have sailed in the Great Western. Until it has been ascertained that he will be taken. It is also stated that he managed a portion of his frauds in this way. Being given checks to pay to merchants, he filled up the sums himself, gave the fictitious paper to the firm in whose favor the genuine checks were drawn, and kept and presented the genuine paper to the bank to be cashed. The amount of the forgeries is supposed to be a hardened villain, thus to proceed, at an age so young.

Since the above was in type, we see that the father of the young villain has been arrested and examined, but nothing was discovered to implicate him in the forgeries of his son. He says he knows nothing of the matter till he saw it in print.

Since the above forgeries came to light, another series has been discovered—the perpetrator being William Goddard, Postmaster of Petersham, Mass (Goddard is about thirty-five years of age), and Petersham, and has for many years supported a character unusually high, for integrity and business talents. The amount of his forgeries is reported at one thousand dollars, all said to be committed within a few months. Four thousand dollars of the bit had taken up on the 1st of the President, he taking part in the Wave Break, and with two firms in Boston, W. H. & J. B. Foster, and Chase & Gross; the Bank having $19,000, the firms $10,000 apiece.

Goddard confesses the whole and exculpates his friends. About $2000 of the money obtained has been used for his private debts, and the rest appears to gone: had in $5000 and so at large—a farcical proceeding it strikes us, if there is any connection in being put to trial. The forged paper is in the form of drafts and acceptances, to which all the names except Goddard's are genuine. The private papers of Mr. Foster are the names of merchants in this city, in New York, Baltimore and other cities; and these have been found in the post office, where they are kept. Larger was to take up the paper as fast as it fell due.

Papers from other directions bring no more of the same kind of things.

Gen Peter J. Ingles has been committed in Albany on a charge of forging a note for $5000.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal states that a man, by the name of Abner J. Cody, late from Texas, and formerly a citizen of Wetumpka, was arrested in that city, charged with recent forgeries on a house in Mobile.

LATE FROM TEXAS

New Orleans papers contain intelligence from Galveston to the 31st ult. Mr. Hamilton Stuart, acting Governor of Yucatan, has paid to Commodore Moore the sum of $4000 for the services which he rendered that country in the capture of the Montezuma. He accompanied the money with a letter to the highest degree complimentary to the gallantry and merit both of Commodore Moore and Lieut. Hunter, been dismissed from the office of Naval Commissioner, for the part he took in the affair of W. Hill, the Secretary of War, to Capt. Moore, in which his dismissal is announced. The reasons given are his failing to report to the Secretary of War the money turned over to him by Mr. Stuart, and his refusal to report to the Government his repeated disobedience to orders from the Department. He protests in this case, as in the former, without any authority of his Government; his privacy to retaining upon the high seas against Mexican vessels without proper commissions, and his conduct in having left the coast and visited four ports—while he had no authority to do so. Capt. Moore published a letter in reply—says he has been appointed as part of the department, and was ready to do so for the rest.—as to do disobedience of orders he is willing to "commit himself to his fellow citizens," and that he tried and executed the four men by warrant of the President. On the charge of piracy he says he could not do so, as there other time. The friends of Capt. Moore declare that his summary dismissal by the Executive is illegal.

Col. S. Williams and Col. Wm. H. Wharton have been appointed Commissioners by the President of Texas, to act in concert with Commissioners to be appointed by the President of the United States, to adjust amicably all matters between Texas and Mexico. These Commissioners are to meet at Lando in September next, and are authorized to call to their assistance such officials any final treaty, but the stipulation that they may agree to are to be submitted to the Mexican Government, and that they be approved by them. The Texas Commissioners are to be governed by the instructions given to the late Commissioners, and they are to proceed to the Mexican Government, and there to remain until the business is finished, or the Mexican Government refuses to treat.

Gen. Houston has issued a proclamation, declaring that the Texan Navy and army are disbanded, and that the Texan Navy and army are disbanded, and that the Texan Navy and army are disbanded, and

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the publisher. Notice must be given.

Small Bills in place of current Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and state and for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in addition, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will call not for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Godey's Lady's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison, miss., Cincinnati, Ohio, is Agent for the Saturday Post, and Godey's Lady's Book, and Lady's World of Fashion.—*H. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. Jordan, Jr., Wm. Hall.*

SAMUEL M. STEVENSON, attorney, is Agent at Shannon and John P. Johnson, for Kentucky.

HENRY R. LEWIS is Agent for Lexington, Alabama, and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the Richland Beach Mission States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Wall, O. Hall, Wm. Hall, Wm. Hall, Jr.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collector for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New York.

JAS. P. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON ELLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers for the United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville

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Notices of New Works.

WEEKSVILLE; *or the Hunted Knoll. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard and Graham 98 Chesnut street.*—All who have read this work, and the number of such persons is already very large, will be glad to learn that we have not yet perused it have no ordinary treat in store. The intricate acquaintance of the writer with the character of the aboriginals of this country has not been displayed to better advantage in any of his works than in this; and the descriptions of scenery, and the portraiture of individuals in the present instance seem to some readers a shade too much of elaboration, or description is thought too minute, it is to be remembered that to those very readers who are unacquainted with the scenes over the mountain ranges of probability which is one of the great delights of Mr. Fenimore Cooper is eminently the American novelist, and while his books will always keep their place in the field of light literature, people will not be content too much of them to say that they will hereafter form a portion of the course of reading thereof the of American history.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, the Irish Dragoon. We have received from Messrs. Childs & Hussey, No. 272 Chesnut street, a cheap but neat and substantial edition of the best work of Charles Lever. The stirring adventures, not overstrained, and the nonsensical and merth, it is perhaps one of the best things of the kind we have read. *Philadelphia*: The Author, flanked, when he arrived at this office, with note paper on which was an exquisite sketch of a pair of yellow lions, rampant.

Messrs. Childs & Hussey, No. 272 Chesnut street, have published during the late time of the original compiler, Rev. Mr. Spinckes, who died in the early part of the last century. It is now revised and edited by Rev. Francis E. Pagé, passed through several editions in London. The volume is commendably calculated to awaken earnest devotional feelings in the reader, and to beget in the Christian that spirit of humility and sincerity which is essential to acceptable prayer. The imprint of the publishers speaks for its mechanical execution.

PICTORIAL HISTORY of the United States. *By John Frost, LL.D. Philadelphia: Childs & Hussey.*—The Fifth Part of this work, Part First of the second volume has been issued. This makes one fourth of the whole, and we venture to assert that it has already made a very large number of friends and worth better appreciated by the history of their country than they were before. Engravings form the best possible commentary; especially where, as in this work historical events are delineated in the illustrations, and no pains are spared to make the portraits, costume, &c., true copies after the best originals.

MEMOIRS of the Rev. John Williams, Missionary to *Polynesia*. New York: M'M. Dodd; *Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—This is an exceedingly interesting volume, and is printed in the style of richness for which Mr. Dodd's publications are distinguished. Missionary enterprise and missionary labors furnish the romance (so to speak) of modern religious reading, and while their interest is of the most thrilling character, it is also of the usual charm of truth. Mr. Williams, the reader will remember, was interested at one of the New Hebrides shipped by the natives.

EPISCOPAL WORKS. Appleton & Co., of New York, and G. S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, announce an as yet not publicly known work by Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, in three volumes. A Romish, on The Institution of Christ; Dana Views, Learn to Live, by Christopher Sutton, D.D., Pages of the Life, Death, and Burial, Manning on The Unity of the Church; King's Double Witness of the Church; and Lyra Apostolica. These works, each, except the last, which will be issued in one volume 16 mo, will be elegantly put up, to uniform style with the other volumes of the "Churchman's Library."

NEWS AND THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS. *By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—Romances we have not with a reception, which, if not quite as noisy as some other new things have received, indicates a critical judgment. Those who have not read the first published works of Miss Bremer, will want to obtain the others. There is a quiet and delicate character in her delineations, which does not, it does not awaken a whirlwind of excitement.

THE ELECTIC MUSEUM. *Edited by J. H. Agnew. New York and Philadelphia: Stringer & Townsend.*—The intention of this number is a monotint copy of Sir David Wilkie's "Bubble on the Wall," expertly finished, and of high merit. The literary matter, prepared and selected by one of the best editors in the United States, embodies the cream of European periodical literature, and is worth, per se, more than what we have of it before, that is one of the most excellent periodicals in the world.

LIVES OF THE SIGNERS of the Declaration. *By Agnes Strickland. Vol II. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is a volume of the Ladies' Cabinet series, published in a form which will recommend it to preserve, and by its small price for binding, leaving the purchaser at liberty to make the series uniform, according to his own taste in such matters. We need say nothing of the character of the work itself.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.—*A Sequel to the Tailor's Apprentice. Philadelphia: Godey & McMichael.* This is a beautiful little work, published in the style of some of Mr. Arthur's books, in a number of which are those of humble life.

NEW WORKS.—At the Periodical Agency, No. 98 Chesnut street, we have received Nora, and the Prince's Daughters by Miss Bremer, Mary Howitt's translations, and all the current light literature. The Magazines as soon as published, and all the cheap works from the Philadelphia and New York press.

BARNARDO DEL CARPIO. *Translated from the Spanish of Don Jorge Montgomery. By J. G. Morton. Philadelphia: Van Vurz and Geiser & Co.*—A good translation of a very excellent Spanish play—which, in fact, may be regarded in a book form as Harland and other colleges.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, *September, Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell.*—This number of a favorite periodical preserves its accustomed pleasant features admirably. It is one of the most uniformly excellent periodicals in the country.

HAWKS MOSES.—No 3 of the artful publication of Hassell Moore's works has been so cruel by Zieber & Co. and Perkins & Purves. We hope the publishers will hurry along the succeeding parts a little faster.

STEPHENS' HOUSE AND FRUIT SHOOT EXECUTOR. *Philadelphia: Dilliss.* Said to be very good by those who know, and, of course, we know nothing about the matter, do not know this much.

THE OLD MAN OF HARLEM. *By the Countess of Calidonia. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is a tale of the fifteenth century—a romantic work, and well adapted to wile away an hour.

AMERICAN NAVAL BIOGRAPHY. *Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.*—No 3 of this work of Mr. Lossing has been published; and one more completes the series.

THE CYCLOPÆDIAS. *Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* Sam Slick's very funny d-dogs down East in a cheap form.

BLACKWOOD for the last numbers of Chambers's Edinburgh Magazine, per Britannia.

☞ Carey & Hart have published the fourteenth number of Tanner's Encyclopedia.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The New York Tribune has a letter from St. Louis, of which the following description of the progress of that city. We extract:

"Time rolls on, and the colorings and atmospheric of Autumn come upon us—the Fall Trade, the Opening of the Summer Theatres are open, and the gentle Spring of Autumn is upon us in the shape of rain. The dirt and struggle of business hours longer, it is true, in Wall; but the time is for less industrial. The rough-and-tumble, the rude and gayish of fancy costumes, are not to be seen in the streets. In many parts of the City you will hear still the cracking of whips—but generally speaking the streets are tranquil singing night merrily. For, let me tell you that the City of St. Louis, Missouri, is a most healthy talent, with every hour; and if he progress be contagious, not very many years shall elude ours are now New York may wonder it would not be to watch her as a rival. Think me not romantic. I am not mad, and, most assuredly, not drunk, for both the works of truth and sobertime. The sweep of the Mississippi is most majestic—the Missouri is immense every year, as active industrious hands are developing the fertile land, of which there are still remain, for years to come, a plenty and to spare for hungry foreigners. I have seen the Mississippi at New York and elsewhere, although for a great while familiar, at a distance, with its course and many of the ports of St. Louis, upon visiting the place created no greater surprise at all they one of the City. A certain air of high respectability and refinement was among me, and after taking a survey of the City, I was not a little astonished at the manner in which

Vernacular Stories.

N. AGUSTUS HINCHINS, ESQ.

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Whoever had happened in at the domicil of Farmer Hinchins, on the eve of a day appointed by the Governor of one of the New England States, for "Public Thanksgiving and Prayer," could not have avoided noticing that somebody more than the circle there assembled was expected. As the large family sat about the capacious fire place, the hearty honest wood fire threw a cheerful light on their almost happy faces—almost happy, because, as we have intimated, there was a chair yet to fill. The premonitories of Thanksgiving waited upon the table, in the cold antipotary chicken, the pie manufactured more with an eye to quantity than quality, the stout pitchers of cider, flanked with plates of shining pippins, walnuts cracked ready for the teeth, "fire cake" yet smoking, and "doughnuts," in Manhattan called "crawlers," a bountiful supply. Another "platter" contained a formidable brisket piece of cold boiled beef, with a garnish of pork, and no lack of cabbage and cold "garden sauce." Such was the repast, and the party only waited the arrival of some expected guest, to fall upon it.

Suspense, which always appears long to those who endure it, is not half so long as it seems. At its usual hour of arrival, the Hardscrabble mail coach drove into that village, and stopping before Farmer Hinchins' door, deposited the precious burthen for which the family had been waiting for three hours before it was due. Sisters, brothers, father and mother crowded around a tall mass of shawl handkerchiefs, wraprascal, fur tippet and upper Benjamin, and by industrious uncoiling, a young gentleman was at length revealed,—father's hope and mother's joy "in long-drawn sweetness long drawn out." All had naturally made up their minds to be delighted to see him; but his mother started back from his lips as if she had encountered a shoe brush. The sisters were frozen into formality by an apparition so much unlike their mental portrait of brother Nahum, and the little brothers slunk grinning into a corner. The father deliberately wiped his spectacles, and commenced a survey of the nondescript, beginning at his monkey face, coursing over his foppish waist, running a line of survey down his candle mould invested legs, and ending in a long stare at his stilt-hilted boots. It was evident that where they expected a natural blood relation, they had found an unnatural curiosity. The stranger repaid their stare of curiosity with another, and putting his quizzing-glass to his eye, surveyed the room in which his childhood was spent, as if he had never seen it before, and was not sure it was habitable. His father frowned, his mother bit her lips, his sisters blushed before his gaze, and his little brothers, to use their own expression, "snorted right out."

Affection cannot, however, be lightly crushed, and the family could not forget that they were receiving a long absent member. The animal was led to the fire, and deposited himself in a chair with the air of one who is paying his inferiors an enormous compliment, and the usual commonplaces were passed between the guest and his entertainers. November's cold without, was not, however, half so chilling as the re-union within the walls of Farmer Hinchins' dwelling. The city son diversified his conversation at table, with remarks upon city dishes, by way of teaching his father and mother, by no very ambiguous intimations, that people lived in the country very much like savages. Every attempt to excite his interest in old familiar scenes and objects was parried by his ceaseless gab to show his travelled knowledge, and his acquaintance with scenes and people who were not, for superiority, to be mentioned in the same breath with any of the objects and persons which composed the happy little rural world, in which N. Agustus Hinchins had once been a contented resident. Or if that worthy vouchsafed to hear his friends speak, it was with such an expressive smile of condescension, that the rustic family began, in spite of themselves, to feel some inferiority before Mr. Hinchins, as they now felt compelled to call him, whom they had counted on welcoming home with their whole hearts as brother Nahum. The cider and apples did, however melt down a little of Nahum's gentility before he went to bed, and the sisters actually ventured to offer their hands as they parted for the night. "Aw rayvwahr," drawled Nahum Agustus Hinchins, as he scuffed out of the room in embroidered slippers, holding the lamp with just a thumb and finger—"Aw rayvwahr mah mere oh mong pair."

The matron looked up anxiously at her husband, as she raked up the fire—the husband sat in mood contemplative. At length, as he arose, he broke out—

"The starch *must* be taken out of that youngster, ma'am."

"He is our own son, Mr. Hinchins."

"Never mind, the starch must be taken out, and if it is not before to-morrow night, I'll be——"

Mrs. Hinchins' somewhat extensive hand clapped a stopper on the farmer's mouth, but not on his resolution.

"Why don't that boy come down?" said the father the next morning. The mother went up to see. The tender lad complained bitterly that there was no bell in his room—and that he had always been accustomed to have a fire in his "ahpawtment," but as there was no servant, he would try once to rise without. So, after a deal of fuss about water and towels, and a display of his dressing box to the astonishment of his country mamma, he managed in an hour's time to come down to breakfast in a flaunting dressing gown and slippers; the former article causing new amusement among the young natives, his brothers, who thought he might as well be a woman at once and done with it. He exhausted the bastard French of the hotels in lamenting the absence of sundry made dishes, but concluded at last to let a furious appetite have its way. He ate bountifully of the wholesome food before him, cooked by his tidy mother and sisters, instead of by greasy men in dirty nightcaps with napkins tucked through their button holes, which answer to dust a plate, or wipe the mouths of the wearers.

Getting ready for church was another awful difficulty. He inquired for a "bawber," although he very well knew there was no such phenomenon in the village, and never had been. He asked his mother to send his boots to a bootblack's, another dignitary that Hardscrabble never supported; and the mother, as many a foolish mother has, compromised the matter by taking his elegant and fashionable leathers to the kitchen fire and giving them a brilliant coat of first rate "blackball," the stereotyped unction for leather, warranted to preserve it and fill the pores. The good lady had beautified them to the best of her knowledge and belief, but the shining coat of Day & Martin, the remains of which had adorned them before, gained nothing by the operation. "Oh, dem it," cried the exquisite, as they were placed before him, "some demnation fule has pawsitively ruined my boots, and if I could find him, I would kick him, pawsitively." He looked up—his mother was hesitating between tears and astonishment, his father debating between a kick and a cuff, and his brothers and sisters standing in their "go to meeting clothes," uncertain whether to wonder or fear what should come next. The explosion was, however, spared for the present.

Going to church was an awful bore to N. Agustus Hinchins, but he had seen some stormy indications to a certain quarter, which warned him that the next ounce of his puppyism might break the camel's back. Besides, he had a secret wish to show himself off to his old playfellows, the natives, and therefore ventured to let his elder sister touch his arm, and with her walked behind his father and mother. It was a curious procession. The mother would feel a little proud and could not help feeling a little dubious of the impression her boy was to make on the congregation. The father looked as if, though the animal was his own son, he should be glad to contradict it; the sister who had his arm seemed foolish—how could she help it? N. Agustus minced along, quizzing the villagers with his glass, totally insensible—while every body was gaping and laughing—totally insensible to every thing but his own pre-eminent importance. Little Ned, the wag of the family, strutted behind him, "following in his footsteps," making stride for his stride, straddle for his straddle, and a swing of his coattee for every swing of his brother's swallow tail. It was a glorious broad comedy, and as the procession passed, people did every thing but cheer the young actor.

Hinchins was not a bad fellow—was there none in all the village to welcome him in real sincerity, and to remember in the returned puppy one who had really once been a favorite? Certainly there was one—the favorite schoolmate and playmate, the little girl, now a fine young woman to whom, three years previously, before his transportation to the city, he had plighted his word in all the sincerity of youth. Of course she was at once adopted at the farmer's house, as daughter and sister, and a union was as

MR. HINCHINS TAKING A SURVEY.

surely courted me, as if it had already taken place. Ellen was an invited guest at every Sunday dinner, and on holidays [illegible] pected this [illegible] invitation [illegible] ing order. N. Agustus, when the service closed, planted himself in the porch outside the church, exchanging distant salutations with the young men who claimed his acquaintance. His sisters came out, and with them Ellen. With all the sincerity of a confiding girl, she came up, ready to give her hand when he offered his. He scanned her through his glass—and reached her two fingers of his gloved left paw. "Oh, aw, child, I believe we have been acquainted—yes, I do remember—your name is—aw—eh—" and here he raised his hood and brushed up his whiskers. Surprised that his two fingers were not taken, he looked round. Ellen had flown, and he saw her indignantly walking away, with head erect, and showing all the woman's tokens of an insult appreciated and resented. His father, mother and sisters had deserted him in disgust—his little brother Ned waited just long enough to cry out *shame*! and ran, and the group about him set up an indignant hiss. In a very few moments he was left almost alone, some few boys only waiting to take a last look at the monkey.

"Well, now, this is really cutting it foine, the demned uncivil sad clowns," soliloquised our hero—"I shall pawsitively leave this hole at once—the ignorant savages. Human nachure can aboide it no longer."

He strolled across the road, and for lack of human objects to bring within the focus of his glass, commenced surveying a bluff hill, down which he had many times rolled in play, as if he had never seen such a curiosity before. His position in that employment has been deemed, as the reader may notice, a fit subject for an artist, and Johnson, the American Cruikshank, has delineated him. From this reverie a few snowballs soon disturbed him. Humbled essentially in his pride and his pretensions, he hurried to his father's house, with one eye bunged and one half his dickey spoiled, by the unerring aim of some village embryo Tell, whose missiles were readily gathered from the winter-covered ground, and dispatched with striking accuracy.

A large dinner party had been invited to Farmer Hinchins'—and a larger evening party. Right glad would the worthy people have been to have escaped from the dilemma, but in the country they have no "white lies" to turn away visitors with. The only way of proceeding was to face the matter out; as after the occurrences of the morning, malice in some, and curiosity in others, would be sure to bring all who were asked, and more too. The female members of the family were in agony, Ned was in his element of mischief, and father Hinchins was—in the kitchen. He dared not face the group of visitors in the dining room, but chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy in the kitchen chimney corner. "They come to see an ape—but they don't make a menagerie of my house.—I'll be d——d if they do. The starch must come out of him." So saying, he rose as he heard the front door open, and proceeded to intercept his hopeful son as he was about to enter the parlor. Leading him directly to the kitchen, Farmer Hinchins there borrowed his wife's shears, and then took his son above stairs to his room, seated him in a chair, and before the fop could guess what was coming, marred his whiskers, destroyed his moustachios, and reduced his imperial to a plebian. Nahum expostulated, but it was of no use, he struggled, and the old gentleman's shoulder of mutton fist was shaken in his face. A razor completed the demolition of the Esau-crop, and N. Agustus Hinchins began to look like his father's son again. He turned disconsolate from the glass to go down stairs, when the old gentleman stepped between him and the door, and pointed to something which had before escaped his eye. His former country Sunday suit lay across the back of a chair. Even then he could not conceive what his father meant. His mind could not embrace so awful a degradation as that he must really put on *that suit*, and cast his city teguments. His father readily explained the case to him, and intimating that he should give a sledge hammer voucher for his sincerity of purpose, poor Nahum was forced to submit. They then walked down together, and as the dining room door opened, the party inside, who had commenced their obeisances for Mr. N. Agustus, finished them for Nahum A. Hinchins. There was an awkward pause. A child broke it as children often do. Little Ned ran up and seizing both hands, cried, "welcome home to Thanksgiving, brother Na' —we're all glad to see you." The whole party closed in, and in their honest greetings poor Nahum melted to tears, reciprocated. There might have been a little rage in the first tear—there was a little shame in the second—and real contrition afterwards. All, however, was forgotten and forgiven by the time Nahum's next neighbor had denuded the first "wish bone," and challenged him to break it with her. "There, Nahum," roared little Ned, "You've got your wish, and I know what it is! Don't you wish Ellen Smith was here now?"

"Faith," answered Nahum, taken off his guard, "I do."

There was a hearty laugh all round, and now began the festivities of Thanksgiving in earnest. For the rest, how Nahum went over and coaxed Ellen to forget his insult; how she relented, as she had made up her mind *not* to do when she saw him coming; how they came back together to the farm house, and how the party shouted as they entered arm in arm; how old Father Hinchins forgot his years, and joined in the blind-man's buff; how Ellen fought Nahum's battles when any body alluded to his past mishaps; and how little Ned frolicked himself to sleep before midnight; is too long a story for us to tell now, but Mrs. Ellen Hinchins might tell you all about it, some evening as she rocked the cradle, if you should happen along her way.

The Humorist.

THE FEMALE PRATTLER.

From morn to night, from day to day
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannie; oh, forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For, all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.
Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd.
All are distracted while they gaze,
But if they listen, they are cur'd.
Your silence would acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all you write;
One look ten thousand charms displays,
Then hush!—and be an angel quite.

☞ "Miss Polly," said a comical fellow to an old maid, "have you heard of the late act of the legislature, by which all ladies with small mouths are to be provided with husbands?" "Indeed! No!" replied the lady, screwing up her mouth to a pucker. "It is a fact, however," continued the wag, "and another clause of the act provides that all those ladies who have large mouths shall have two husbands each." "Oh, my!" exclaimed the lady, opening her mouth as wide as a bucket, "what a wonderful curious law!"

☞ An Irishwoman called at an oilman's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out; she put it in a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon, and have done with it!" said the oilman. "Oh, bless your 'art of a soul," answered she, "it's for two persons."

☞ We were yesterday shown the *billetdeux* of a bachelor merchant's clerk to his sweetheart, which was a singular admixture of romance, sentiment and business apothegms. Towards the close the following sentiment occurs:—"Seraphs who canticle paeans of praise to Divinity are not more pure of mind than thou art—*errors and omissions excepted*."

☞ Curran said to Father O'Leary, "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter!" "Why?" said the priest. "Because then you would have the keys of Heaven, and could let me in." "I had better have the keys," said father O. "of another place, and then I could let you out!"

☞ "Get out of the way old Dan Tucker, you came too late to get your supper," is thus eloquently rendered in prose:—"Remove thyself from the place thou occupiest, aged and venerable Tucker; thou art too tardy to participate in the vesper meal with your juniors and betters."

☞ A woman was recently tried in Baltimore for having whipped a Dutchman; and the Dutchman, in testifying to the facts, said, with the tone and air of an injured innocent, "Mishter Shquire dish here woman, mit three odder four womans more whip me very nice, she did."

☞ The wonders of corn-cutting will never cease. The other day a travelling chiropodist extracted not only the corn from a gentleman's foot, but actually succeeded in removing a "Bunyan" from a bookcase, without the owner being aware of it.

☞ A boy was sent to boil some eggs soft, when questioned as to what detained him, he answered, "Rot the things, it aint no use, they won't bile soft. I've been at'em more than an hour, and the more I bild'em the harder they gets."

☞ "You are full of business to day!" said Snooks to mine host of the Pig-and-whistle hotel—"how is it?" "Why, you see, the grand jury dine here." "Oh ho! well I presume you will bring in a *true bill* against them!"

☞ "I wish you would speak as loud as you generally do to your husband," said a learned and probably henpecked counsel to a married female witness, whom he could not persuade to speak above a whisper.

☞ The phrase, "don't hollos till you're out of the woods," is, in the refined language of the day, rendered, "it is unadvisable for reasonable bipeds to exert their vocal powers in a boundless contiguity of shade."

☞ "John, are you a good boy?" "Yes, I spose I is one o' the goods—as mother says there is two kinds: the goods for something and the goods for nothing. I guess I b'longs to the good for nothing."

☞ A wag, seeing a round corpulent man embrace a woman of the same proportions, both of whom kissed each other very affectionately, termed it "the harmony of the spheres."

☞ A native of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a rooster so remarkably well that the sun upon several occasions has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

☞ Why is the account of what is to be done by means of the aerial ship like Tom's account at his banker's? Because it is considerably overdrawn!

☞ "I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man wants it more."

☞ A gentleman, seeing an Irishman filling a freight car with boxes, asked, "What makes that cargo?" "*Means*," was the reply.

☞ Why are shoemakers the greatest of philosophers, whose reign can end only with time? Because they are *awl* wise and *ever-last-ing*.

☞ A woman in Wisconsin has a tongue so long and thick that she cannot get it all in her mouth. Too much of a good thing!

☞ Woman is said to be like a jewsharp, for the same reason that she is nothing without a *tongue*, and must be pressed to the lips.

☞ "John, what is the past of *see*?" "*Seen*, sir." "No, it is *saw*—recollect that." "Yes, sir. Then, if a *sea* fish swims by me, it becomes a *saw*-fish when it is *past*, and can't be *seen*." "You can go home, John."

☞ The Bangor Whig estimates that there are at least two hundred old bachelors in that place and with forebodings of most fearful import, remarks, "if they keep on at this rate, salt won't save the city."

☞ An uncle left in his will eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, "If I have not left the dozen, he knows the reason." The fact was, the nephew had some time before stolen *one* from his relative.

☞ Hudibras was wise in his reason for wearing one spur. "For," said he, "if I can get one side of my horse along, the other will come without spurring."

☞ "Music and drawing taught here," as the chap said when he was pulling an ungreased handcart through the streets.

☞ A Fuddleometer has been invented out West, by which a man can tell when he is getting too drunk to walk.

☞ Why is a rash, irritable man, like a doctor who cures children? Because he has *little patience*—(patients.)

☞ "I'll let you off this time," as the horse said to his rider, when he capsized him into the mud.

☞ Why, says an exchange, is a man with corns like a vegetable? Because he's a toe-martyr.

☞ "Millions for de-fence," as the darkey cried when the farmer's dog was after him.

☞ "I'll try another *bit*," as the jockey said when his horse ran away with him.

Benefit of Books.

HOOD UPON READING.

A short time since, the Secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum bazaar committee, addressed to Thomas Hood, a request that he would allow his name to be placed on the list of patrons of the approaching bazaar. To this request, the Secretaries received the following characteristic reply; the kindness of which—a kindness that could both dictate and endite a letter in so cordial and hearty a spirit from a bed of sickness, is not less commendable and admirable, than the arch and sportive playfulness of humor, and fine under-current of feeling, which point and pervade its every sentence.

"(From my bed,) 17, Elm Tree Road,
"St. John's Wood, 18 July, 1843.

"Gentlemen,—If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that institution.

"I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to literature,—that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck, so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least, my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon, with their degrading orgies. For the closet associate of Pope and Addison—the mind accustomed to the noble, though silent, discourse of Shakspeare and Milton—will hardly seek, or put up with, low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world.

"Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking,—nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet—rich fare on the paper, for short commons on the cloth.

"Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach, for many months, resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But, luckily, the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and, whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish table d'hôte, I could yet enjoy my Peregrine Pickle, and the feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head *à la tortue*, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish, Head *à la Brunnen*, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

"Still more recently, it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician—to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the poor-law commissioners; all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted; as well as all fluids, stronger than that which lays dust, washes pinafores, and waters polyanthus. But 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' were still mine. Denied beef, I had *Bulwer*, and *Cowper*,—forbidden mutton, there was *Lamb*,—and in lieu of pork, the great *Bacon* or *Hogg*.

"Then, as to beverage, it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face like a Turk against the juice of the grape. But, eschewing wine, I had still my *Butler*; and in the absence of liquor, all the *choice spirits* from Tom Browne to Tom Moore.

"Thus, though confined, physically to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home-made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain—the champagne of Moliere, and the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps every thing, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rebelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is quite equal to the best gruel with rum in it.

"So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart, and the temper—bowls that will not roll right—well-laid schemes that will 'gang agley'—and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these, Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my *burthen* has been greatly lightened by *a load of books*. The manner of this will be best understood from a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known, that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten, for it is apt to *prey upon itself*, unless drawn off by a new object—and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling 'History of the Great Plague,' would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

"Many, many, a dreary, weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher—many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet! For all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart,—Thanks and honor to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!

"Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of literature, and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless, was Sir Humphrey Davy, who went for 'consolations in *Travel*,' not to the inn or the posting house but to his library and his books. I am, gentlemen, yours, very truly. THOS. HOOD."

From the Magazines

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR SEPT.

SONG OF MOSES

On the Shores of the Red Sea.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

We will sing unto the Lord, he hath triumphed gloriously,
The war horse and the rider he hath cast into the sea;
The Lord our father's God hath been, he is our strength and song,
His arm splits the floods and breaks the jaw teeth of the strong!

The Lord is our salvation, the god of Gods, for lo!
Like stubble in his breath of wrath he hath consumed the foe;
The deeps have covered Pharoah, and his chosen captains all,
His chariots and horses—there are none to weep his fall!

All through the arid desert they pressed upon our track,
All through the march the gleam of spears shone on us looking back;
And in the solemn night-time their distant hum arose,
As when among the sand hills the stormy south wind blows.

Ay! we heard afar their noises, their shouts and clarions shrill,
And their banners in the setting sun blazed on each western hill;
And hotly thundering in pursuit their squadrons shook the plain,
As when Leviathan in wrath lashes the wintry main.

But the angel of the Lord was there, the pillar of the cloud
That shone in fire upon our way, but was to them a shroud,
A shroud that wrapped them all about, and hid us from their sight,
And led them up and down the hills throughout the fearful night.

The sun set on the barren shore and on the waters black,
Whit'ning in fitful scud upon the fresh'ning night wind's track;
And the hearts of all were desolate, for from the hostile camp
Came sound of arms preparing, and sentry's measured tramp.

We tossed in broken slumbers, for we saw the morrow's fight,
The charge, the stand, defeat, despair, and oh! the bitter sight,
Our wives white bosoms gashed and red, our babes upon the flood—
And we dreamed we heard the vultures flap their wings above the blood.

We woke: the Lord is merciful, our God is God of all,
He hath smote the wicked sore, he hath broke the oppressor's thrall;
With shouting and rejoicing, with dancing and with praise,
With cymbal, harp and lyre we will triumph all our days.

The breath of God is mighty, he bade the east wind blow
For a way unto his people, for a judgment to his foe!
Ere the morning dawn we looked, and the sea was dry before,
With a wall of waters right and left, the path from shore to shore.

Then down into the deep we went, into the wild abyss,
Deaf'ning, we heard far overhead, the whirling waters hiss;
The twilight stars grew dimmer, and above with outline bold,
We saw the billows heave and fall against the pale sky cold—

Heave up and fall with glistening sides and toppling crests of white,
Threat'ning to plunge in thunder down upon the dizzy sight—
Though pale our faces, 'twas beneath the water's ghastly hue,
For we knew in doubt and darkness the Lord would bear us through!

Yet some were there faint-hearted, who mourned for Egypt's ease,
Who trembled at the gaping jaws and monsters of the seas;
Our wives clung to us wildly, our children wept aloud,
And sobs and shrieks half stifled came choking from the crowd.

But we cheered them with brave words, and with bold hearts as we went
We lifted up a hymn to God, the Lord Omnipotent!
And last upon the further shore, at dawn we saw the shine
Of banner-point and spear-head along our foremost line.

Then a shiver and a tumult through every stern heart ran,
And hands were clasped, and garments waved—a phrenzy seized each man,
And rose a mighty shout that went rolling down the ranks,
As when Nile's swollen cataracts chafe roaring in their banks.

And from the shore 'twas answered; but even as it rose,
Already on the sands we saw the chariots of our foes;
And when in safety on the cliffs our people stood at last,
Already down into the sea their thronging hosts had passed.

Exult upon the timbrel, let Miriam's virgin dance,
Lo! horse and rider struggling in the white and chafed expanse;
And banners, casques and chariots, the weak man and the strong,
Toss'd to and fro as feathers when the Monsoon shrieks along!

As a thunderbolt descending, as an obelisk might fall,
As solid Sinai shaking, went down that watery wall!
High to the azure heavens flew up the creamy foam;
The crash awoke the Bedawee off in his desert home;

The lion started, gazed around, and howl'd in wild affright!
The river horse rushed from his reeds and churn'd the waters white;
And far where Pharoah's capital shone in the morning sky,
Shook Memnon's image weird as when an earthquake surges by.

Oh! weep ye maids of Meroe, ye Theban virgins wail,
Along the Red Sea borders your lovers lie all pale;
And the foam is on the lips ye so oft have fondly prest,
And the slimy sea weed lies on the hearts where ye would rest.

Oh! mourn Egyptian wives, and in sackcloth bow to earth,
No holy corpse in spices shall consecrate your hearth;
Where the hungry jackall prowls and the vulture screams they lie,
And their bones, before the summer, shall whiten in the sky.

Go to, ye priests of Isis! your gods are put to shame!
What was your stall fed idol when the Lord Jehovah came?
When he came in sudden anger, and forth his arms were thrown,
And the hosts of Pharoah sank in the waters like a stone!

Exult upon the timbrel! let Miriam's virgins dance!
In ripples soft the ocean flows beneath the morning's glance;
And o'er the Eastern desert against the Orient's gold,
The stately palms of Elim by cool wells we behold.

Exult from the timbrel! the tyrant's spear is stayed,
A highway through the wilderness the Lord our God hath made;
Ay! he who on the thunder's mane his red right hand doth lay,
And reineth in the whirlwind, will lead us on alway!

The Hivite and the Jebusite shall fall beneath our sword,
And Amorite and Perrizite shall wither as a gourd;
For the God of Jacob guides us where Abraham was led,
To the land of milk and honey, and the wine press running red!

Forever and forever, shall the Lord Jehovah reign,
He hath saved us from the spoiler, he hath made their strength in vain!
Oh! sing unto the Lord, he hath triumphed gloriously,
The war-horse and his rider he hath cast into the sea!

Brevities.

It is material to the preservation of friendship that openness of temper and manners on both hands be cultivated. Nothing more certainly dissolves friendship than jealousy which arises from concealment. If your situation obliges you to take a different side from your friend, do it openly. Avow your conduct and motives.

In your converse with the world avoid any thing like a juggling dexterity. The proper use of dexterity is to prevent your being circumvented by the cunning of others. It should not be aggressive.

A spark will go out of itself, if you do not blow it. Turn an indifferent ear to false reports or reflections upon others, and the retailer of it will soon find that he brings his wares to the wrong market.

Love knows no age; it foresees no grave; its happiness and trust beholds on earth but one glory, melting into the hues of heaven, where they who love lastingly, pass on to live forever.

A person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults. Have a care how you listen.

Whenever you see persecution, there is more than a probability that truth lie on the persecuted side.

Despise nothing because it is weak; the [illegible] has done more injury than the lion.

Dublin Fashions.

CLOAKS IN DUBLIN.

"The afternoon was wet and cold. In going out I wore my cloak. Finding myself an object of that attention which proves anything but agreeable, I returned to the hotel and asked the civil porter, who stands in the hall, what there was about me that made people stare? 'It's your honor's cloak. Sure, it is a very decent garment, but the gintlemen have given them up entirely. Nobody wears cloaks now, but the poor women creatures.' So that in this particular, at least, I shall have to change my *habit*."

The foregoing extract forms the closing paragraph of Thurlow Weed's first letter from Dublin—whose letters, by the way, are generally copied. As neither Mr. Weed nor the "civil porter" has accounted for this antipathy to cloaks among the Dublin fashionables, and as it seems strange that it should be so general, we will tell of its origin.

Some seventeen years ago, every one in Dublin sported a cloak, who was able to pay for one, or who had trust with his tailor. They were worn by spendthrift country squires, professional military men on the peace establishment, college "jibs" and counter-jumpers, *alias* clerks in dry goods stores. Among others who wore them was one Doctor Tracy. His was one of the circular cut full Spanish fashion. He was a man of considerable professional practice, and it was remarked that he never went out of doors without

"His martial cloak around him;"

nor did he ever take it off till he entered the apartment where his business, social or professional, brought him. Articles of plate and other valuables were frequently, and very mysteriously, abstracted from the houses which he was wont to visit. Suspicion in such cases fell upon the domestics of the several establishments robbed; it never, of course, attached to the gentleman "wot" always wore the cloak, Doctor Tracy. By mere accident he was once detected stealing from the house of a friend, at which he visited, a silver article of value, and concealing it under his cloak. He was arrested, and the stolen property found in his possession. His house, which was kept in rather a splendid style, was searched, and stolen property of great variety and value found stored away there—all of which he contrived to purloin by the aid and secrecy which his cloak afforded him. It appeared as if theft, previous to his arrest, had become a monomania with him, for if nothing better offered he would stick the poker or the snuff-tray under his cloak as he left a house.

He was tried for one or more offences, and as a punishment for his "large acquisitiveness" was transported to Botany Bay. From that moment, cloaks of all cut and fashion, became a doomed article of dress in Dublin. If a man was seen to enter the theatre with one of them, "Tracy!" "Tracy!" "Tracy!" "a groan for Doctor Tracy in the boxes," resounded from a hundred gods in the gallery. If a man had the temerity to cross over Carlisle Bridge, wearing one of them, he was assailed by the hack-drivers and apple-women. In fact, the cloak became so indentified with Tracy, and Tracy with theft, that for a man to wear one was, according to popular prejudice, to proclaim himself a rogue. Hence it was that cloaks became universally discarded as an article of gentlemen's apparel, and hence it was that the appearance of Mr. Weed attracted such attention and astonishment. To the denizens of Dublin he looked, wrapped up in his cloak, an object almost of as great curiosity as an old three cocked hat continentaler would to the present good people of Gotham.—*Picayune.*

Selected Articles.

HITTING THE DRUM.

Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" is well known to all amateurs. All at once, amid quiet and touching music comes a crash on the kettle drums, enough to start the seven sleepers from their slumbers. An English paper tells a capital story of the first performance of this composition at Dover. There was no kettle drum to be had; so that the base drummer belonging to the regiment in the garrison, was requested to attend for the purpose of giving the surprise stroke. Unfortunately, the man did not know a single note of the music, so he was desired to watch the leader, who was to give him the signal when to give the bang. The drummer was placed behind, between two bassoons and two horn players, and so anxious was he to acquit himself well, that he flourished the stick in his right hand, watching the motions of the leader; and when the preconcerted signal was given, the drummer nearly knocked the eye of the bassoon player out, and in his eagerness, he missed the drum, and sent both the horn players rolling along the floor, which not only produced surprise, but roars of laughter from the whole house.

This little story carries a very excellent moral with it. The drummer of the regiment is not the first person who has overshot the mark, by extraordinary anticipations and unnecessary exertions in a novel situation. Nor will the drummer be the last to make a fool of himself, precisely in such a manner. The enchantment that distance lends to the view, fairly bewitches those who allow imagination to run riot. They are deceived into thinking that an awful undertaking which is in reality "nothing when you are used to it." The world is about five thousand eight hundred and forty years too old to have any thing left to do in it which has not been done before; and it is a true adage that whatever man has done, man may do.

If the reader has ever lifted a bucket or a basket, he has caught one up amazing quick more than once. Preparing all his muscular strength for a heavy load, an empty vessel has thrown him almost off his feet, backwards, by its non-resistance to the Sizyphus strength brought to the lift. Among all undertakings we find more than a fair proportion are empty buckets, and that an outlay of preparation has been made, which might quite as well have been spared. In travelling up stairs in the dark, the last step is generally taken twice over, the last step being a "shocking" one, which jars the whole body from its equilibrium by the rather unexpected descent of the foot in a vacuum, where resistance was counted on.

These common illustrations are fair specimens enough, of the manner in which almost all men blunder along. Enough labor and strength is spent unnecessarily, to do twice the work required of any one. Men measure themselves by false standards, and are oftener apt to under-estimate their capacity, than to over-rate it. Like the drummer, who thought nothing short of an almighty whack would answer, in their trepidation, they strike every where but in the right place, and when all is over, and they look back and see how easy it could have been managed, they have nothing to do, but to be ashamed of themselves. And as to this agreeable part of one's reflections, there is no man of sense alive, who does not have some reminiscences creep up among his secret thoughts, that he would be glad to get rid of, if he could. He who has not these troublesome comforters among his secret thoughts must be a fool, lacking wit to be ashamed of himself. In this matter we make no exception, and care not how honorable or how high the individual may be who claims exemption. He should be ashamed of the false claim he puts in; or he should acknowledge his insensibility to shame. Every man, more than once in his life, has missed hitting the drum, if he was ever trusted to strike it.

CRUELTY OF ANGLING.

Quite the most elegant sporting writer we have ever read is Scrope, an English gentleman of prodigious fortune, who is the author of a truly luxurious work on "Deer Stalking," and more recently of another on "Salmon Fishing." We have been struck with the playful humor of the following passage in regard to the alleged cruelty of the sport of angling:—

"I take a little wool and feather, and tying it in a particular manner upon a hook, make an imitation of a fly; then I throw it across the river, and let it sweep around the stream with a lively motion. This I have an undoubted right to do, for the river belongs to me or my friend; but mark what follows. Up starts a monster fish with his murderous jaws, and makes a dash at my little Andromeda. Thus he is the aggressor, not I; his intention is evidently to commit murder. He is caught in the act of putting that intention into execution. Having wantonly intruded himself on my hook, which I contend he had no right to do, he darts about in various directions, evidently surprised to find that the fly which he hoped to make an easy conquest of, is much stronger than himself. I naturally attempt to regain this fly, unjustly withheld from me. The fish gets tired and weak in his lawless endeavors to deprive me of it. I take advantage of his weakness, I own, and drag him, somewhat loath, to the shore, when one rap on the back of the head ends him in an instant. If he is a trout, I find his stomach distended with flies. That beautiful one, called the May fly, who is by nature almost ephemeral—who rises up from the bottom of the shallows, spreads its light wings, and flits in the sunbeam in enjoyment of its new existence—no sooner descends to the surface of the water to deposit its eggs than the unfeeling fish, at one fell spring, numbers him prematurely with the dead. You see, then, what a wretch he is; no ogre is more bloodthirsty, for he will devour his nephews, nieces, and even his own children, when he can catch them; and I take some credit for having shown him up. Talk of a wolf, indeed a lion, in comparison with a fish! What a bitter fright must the smaller fry live in! They crowd to the shallows, lie hid among the weeds, and dare not say the river is their own. I relieve them of their apprehensions, and thus become popular with the small shoals. When we see a fish quivering upon dry land, he looks as helpless without arms or legs, and so demure in expression, adding hypocrisy to his other sins, that we naturally pity him; then kill him and eat him, with Harvey sauce, perhaps. Our pity is misplaced—the fish is not. There is an immense trout in Loch Awe, in Scotland, which is so voracious, and swallows his own species with such avidity, that he has obtained the name of *Salmo ferox*. I pull about this unnatural monster till he is tired, land him, and give him the *coup-de grace*. Is this cruel? Cruelty should be made of sterner stuff."

Marrying Widows.—An incorrigible old bachelor of our acquaintance, was asked a day or two since if he intended to marry a certain widow, to whom report said he was paying attention to. "No indeed," said he, "her first husband was a fine man, and if I didn't happen to please her, she would be continually making comparisons between us. I would never marry a widow unless her husband had been hung, and then I am certain I would never hear his name mentioned."

KEY WEST.

This island reef, first selected merely for a naval station and a convenient haven of resort for Government vessels cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, and the waters of the West Indies, is rising into a degree of commercial importance of which few of our people probably are aware unless engaged in trade in that direction. A mercantile letter in the New York American says:

"Key West is in reality becoming a place of much business and some importance. About thirty vessels are owned there, employing some four hundred men. The trade between the Bahamas and Key West is considerable in the course of the year. To Havana almost daily communication takes place. Both being foreign ports, produce in the aggregate no inconsiderable revenue; indeed, one cargo alone from the latter place produce thirty thousand dollars revenue. Some fifteen or twenty vessels have been repaired and fitted there the past season. Three transports and one United States steamer ply there regularly from the adjacent ports. Government are now erecting barracks for troops stationed there, upon which about two hundred and ninety hands are now employed, which gives employment to five hundred tons shipping constantly for materials and supplies. Some sixteen pilots are constantly engaged in their business, at which they make a good living; most of the vessels trading to Port Leon, Saint Marks, and Apalachicola going through the Northwest Passage, being enabled to carry through from twelve to fifteen feet water. Some hundred thousand pounds of green turtle are brought in from the bay and reefs, half of which are exported, and the other portion consumed; besides, as many hundred thousand fish are taken in the vicinity, and sent from there to Havana, for which they return in specie, fruit, vegetables, and fowls—duties upon which are insisted upon and collected. They have fine wharves, splendid warehouses, handsome dwelling houses, a beautiful stone church, (Episcopal,) and a Methodist chapel, both well attended when opened for service. The inhabitants are intelligent and business like."

Choice Selections.

ANIMAL POISONS.

The venom of the bee and the wasp has a liquid contained in a small vesicle, forced through the hollow tube of the sting into the wound inflicted by that instrument. From the experiments of Fontana, we learn that it bears a striking resemblance of the poison of the viper. This of the bee is much longer in drying when exposed to the air than the venom of the wasp. The sting of the bee should be immediately extracted; and the best application is opium and olive oil; one drachm of the former finely powdered, rubbed down with one ounce of the latter, and applied to the part affected by means of lint, which should be frequently renewed. From the rapidity with which these animals destroy their prey, and even one another, we cannot doubt that their poison is sufficiently virulent. Soft poultices of fresh flesh, bread and milk, or in the absence of these, even mud, are excellent applications to the sting of insects, and even the bites of the most venomous snakes. The specifics recommended in such cases for internal use, are not to be compared in efficacy with the timely application of a poultice of the flesh of a chicken or other animal recently killed. The flesh of the rattle-snake itself is in some parts of America reckoned to possess specific virtues, and doubtless will answer nearly, if not quite as well, as any other soft and moist poultice, which will seldom fail to effect a cure when promptly applied and frequently renewed. In this way the irritation and inflammation induced by the poison in the part bitten, is often arrested and prevented from extending to vital parts. These conclusions are the result of experiments made with the poison of the rattle-snake, in which the most celebrated Indian and other specifics were used with little if any advantage.—*Farmer's Encyclop.*

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while night and larks are flying—
For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carroll in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I am not a trout!

Talk not to me of bees and such-like hums,
They smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed *of time*.

To me Dan Phoebus and his cars are naught,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,
Let *them* enjoy, says I, as horses ought,
The first turn out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl—
What then—if I prefer my pillowy beer
To early *pearl*.

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And, something for a reason, quaintly begs,
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid the *eggs*?

Why from a comfortable pillow start,
To see faint flushes in the east awaken—
A fig, says I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon!

An early riser Mr. Gay has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—
Well—he died young!

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their bite and sup,
But I'm no climbing boy, and will not be
All up—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
'Till something nearer to the stroke of noon,
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a spoon.

TOMATO FIGS.

As this is the season of Tomatoes, we republish the following recipe, and commend it to every good housewife who desires a rich conserve of domestic manufacture wherewith to treat her friends. And while we do so, would recommend to her, in putting up peaches, pears, quinces, &c., not to omit to preserve a few jars of *tomatoes* as they make the most spicy preserve of all.

Take six pounds of sugar to one peck (or sixteen pounds) of the fruit. Scald and remove the skin of the fruit in the usual way. Cook them over a fire, their own juice being sufficient without the addition of water, until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. They are then taken out spread on dishes, flattened and dried in the sun. A small quantity of the syrup should be occasionally sprinkled over them whilst drying; after which, pack them down in boxes, treating each layer with powdered sugar. The syrup is afterwards concentrated and boiled for use. They keep well from year to year and retain surprisingly their flavor, which is nearly that of the best quality of fresh figs! The pear shaped or single tomatoes answers the purpose best. Ordinary brown sugar may be used, a large portion of which is retained in syrup.

CAN THE VOICE DIE?

A vision came in the starry night,
When I in slumber lay—
The slumber free from earthly blight
When the soul hath purer sway.

On the verge of the spirit world I stood,
Mid the holy and the pure;
Around me, light in a living flood,
Whose blaze I could scarce endure.

I saw the bright form of seraphim,
As I knelt with the forgiven,
And sang the ever enduring hymn—
The praise of the God of Heaven.

Yet my spirit was sad. Alone—alone—
I seemed in that happy sphere;
I pined for a lost familiar tone—
A voice that on earth was dear.

Hark—a new gush of melody!
Oh glorious—glorious strain!
That voice—it rose cheerly and joyfully,
Welcoming me again. ELLA.

From the Journals.

The last and best specimen of western eloquence that we have seen, is given by the Wheeling Gazette, as follows:

The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakespeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to lean upon the side of justice, and fotch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion, and reflect with pleasure that you did as you have been done by. But if, on the other hand, you disregard this principle of law, and set at nought my eloquent remarks, and fotch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you all over every fair cornfield, I reckon, and my injured and down trodden client will be pretty apt to light on you one of these dark nights, as my cat lights on a sasser full of new milk!

Napoleon's Ascent in the World.—The following, according to the *Courier Francais*, are the different habitations occupied by Napoleon between the 16th of October, 1784, when he arrived in Paris, and the year 1815:—1. A small cell on the upper story of the military school. 2. A garret on the Quai Conti. 3. A chamber in the hotel de Metz, Rue de Mail. 4. A chamber at the hotel of the Droits del'Homme, Rue des Fosses, Montmartre. 5. A small apartment Rue de la Michodiere, 19. 6. A chamber in the Hotel Mirabeau *impasse* (now the Rue de Dauphin, opposite the church of Saint Roche.) 7. Hotel de la Collonnade, Rue Neuve des Capucines. 8. An hotel, Rue de la Victoire, at present inhabited by the founder of journal the *Temps*. 9. The Palace of the Luxembourg, under the consulate. 10. The Palace of the Tuilleries, under the empire. 11. That of the Elysee Bourbon during the hundred days.

Treason does never prosper:—what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

The editor of the Baton Rouge Gazette is getting to be very unscrupulous, we fear. In his last number he charges down upon his delinquent subscribers in the following very pointed terms:—

Money.—If any of those who owe this office have any money, or can get any, honestly or dishonestly—richfully or unrighteously—by work, theft or murder, we wish to share it with them. The article is necessary to our get alongativeness.

Old Epigrams, &c.

A MISTAKE.

A Cannon ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And as one comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick back to the surgeon's,
Z—— ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.—*Taylor.*

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice—
But Tom is a fellow of honor so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
He fought with all three, thrice he ventur'd his life;
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two diff'rent pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is an holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women, he replied—
She quick returns the jest—
Woman there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.—*Swift.*

TO A LADY.

If, first on yours, my eyes in pray'r you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry!
For since our Maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy:
And what's most bright most gives him to our view,
I look most near him, when I look on you.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilferers stole his team away.
Giles wakes and cries—What's here? Odsdickin! what!
Why, how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;
If not—odsbuddikins, I've found a cart.

With lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board;
Of eatables a slender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals spare;
I came to dine, and not to stare."

Great Villers' fate, sage Cutler could foresee,
And well he thought advis'd him—"Live like me."
As well his Grace replied, "Like you, Sir John!
That I can do when all I have is gone."

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf;
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

My works the reader and the hearer praise;
They're incorrect, a brother poet says:
But let him rail, for when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

To John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

The Olio

Industry.—The following anecdote may give encouragement to the industrious:—Not long ago a country gentleman had an estate of £200 a year, which he had in his own hands until he found himself so much in debt, that to satisfy his creditors he was obliged to sell half and let the remainder to a farmer for twenty years. Towards the expiration of the lease, the farmer coming one day to pay his rent, asked the gentleman whether he would sell his farm. "Why, will you buy it?" said the gentleman. "If you will part with it, and we can agree," replied the farmer. "That is exceedingly strange," said the gentleman, "pray tell me how it happens that, while I could not live upon twice so much land, for which I pay no rent, you are regularly paying me a hundred pounds a year for your farm, and are able, in a few years, to purchase it!" "The reason is plain," answered the farmer, "you sat still and said go—I got up and said *come*—you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate—I rose in the morning and minded my business."

A Speaking Machine, the invention of a Mr. Taber, is attracting considerable attention in London. The machine consists of a pair of bellows, at present only worked by a pedal similar to that of an organ, of a caoutchouc imitation of the larynx, tongue, nostrils, and a set of keys by which the springs are brought into action. The rapidity of utterance depends, of course, upon the rapidity with which the keys are played. The voice can be raised or depressed, and stress can be laid, upon a particular syllable or word, when a skilful hand has hold of the instrument. Mr. Taber, the ingenious inventor, it is stated in a London paper, is a native of Frieburgh, in the Grand Dutchy, of Baden. He was formerly attached to the Observatory at Vienna, but, owing to an affection of the eyes, was obliged to retire upon a small pension. He then devoted himself to the study of anatomy, and offers the results of his investigations, and their application to mechanics, to the world of science.

An apt Illustration.—A person asking how it happened that so many beautiful young ladies took up with indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: A young friend of her's requested her to go into a canebrake and get the handsomest reed. She must get it at once going through, without turning. She went—and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her, was that the handsomest reed she saw, "Oh no," she replied, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I went on in hopes of one much better, until I got nearly through, and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could find—and got a crooked one at last."

Every room in the "White Lion" Inn, at Stratford-upon-Avon, bears, it is said, a title borrowed from the works of Shakspeare. Not long since, during an evening, the waiters recapitulated the orders they received from the occupants of various apartments, as follows: "A bottom of brandy and a cheroot for Richard the Third," "a screw of tobacco and a pork chop for Shylock," "a glass of Hollands and water for Juliet," and "a pint of stout for Romeo," "a magnum of claret for Lear," "tea and toast for the Merry Wives of Windsor," and "a glass of gin punch for the two Gentlemen of Verona."

The following pretty description is by Grace Hathaway. "The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the eye of morning—the silent song—the flower's breath—the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause—these swelling out the sweetest of creation's matins—seems to pour some glad and merry tale into delight's ear, as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it."

A Singing Mouse.—A very remarkable little animal has been submitted to our notice—viz: a mouse having the surprising ability of warbling notes, which very closely resemble those of the lark. We are informed that the animal also imitates various other birds with perfect ease and fluency. It was very recently caught, and has become quite tame, and sings very frequently.—*London Sun.*

Elegant Extract.—Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done, is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well.—*Carlyle.*

A Sly Fox.—The Rev. Hamilton Paul, on receiving the presentation to the church and parish of Broughton, near Edinburg, preached a farewell sermon to the ladies of Ayr, and not a little to the surprise of his fair auditory especially assembled to hear the valedictory address, gave out his text: "And they fell upon *Paul's* neck and kissed him!"

Scrap of History.—During the whole seven years of the war of the Revolution, the British were never permitted to rest for a single night on Connecticut soil. They made repeated attempts, and in three or four instances succeeded in making some little inroad into the State, but they were not permitted to remain securely for an hour.

Husband.—The etymology of this word may not be generally known. The head of a family is called husband from the fact that he is, or ought to be, the *band* which unites the house together—or the bond of union among the family. It is to be regretted that all husbands are not *house bands* in reality as well as in name.

It has been said that many young ladies for the first year after marriage, can never look at one of their own sex, without a peculiar sort of expression on their countenance of a compassionate curiosity, arising out of a conscious superiority, as much as to say, "are you a married woman?"

Important Advice.—The N. H. Telegraph, good authority, says: "A gentleman who has occasion to walk with two ladies and one umbrella, should always go in the middle himself—that secures a dry coat to himself, and is showing no partiality to either of the ladies."

Industry will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always have money at the bottom.

Love Defined.—"Cæsar, what dat bim call lub?" "Why, Massa Sip, um like too much drinkee; um tink ob young gal till um head go round like um big wheel; den um make a fool of himself."

True.—There is no widow so utterly widowed in her circumstances, as she who has a drunken husband—no orphan so perfectly desolate as he who has a drunkard for a father.

A certain clergyman in N. H., from his pulpit recently put twenty-five of his congregation to sleep at one sitting. He was a professor of animal magnetism.

There is a bachelor in this town who is always so busy that he has never found time to get married! The girls all pity him—he is *so industrious*.

A very handsome young lady down east, they say, went a whole day without going to her looking-glass.

DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Almshouses, and by more than five hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired a great and extended popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve health and cure disease, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best medical colleges in the United States, and has had twenty years experience in an extensive and diversified practice, by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

This invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can, and do attest to its usefulness—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a spitting up of phlegm or matter, and sometimes blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever, and Difficulty of breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it. IT NEVER HAS FAILED TO CURE ASTHMA ON ASTHMATIC COUGH.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

For LIVER COMPLAINTS, GOUT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, FEVERS, NERVOUSNESS, ERYSIPELAS, and diseases of the SKIN, IMPURITY of the BLOOD, INFLAMMATIONS, MELANCHOLY, SICK HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, PAINS in the HEAD, BREAST, SIDE, BACK and LIMBS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c. &c., and whenever an Alterative or Purgative Medicine may be required.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not more or less required, and much suffering and sickness might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might have been avoided by a timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic Medicines.

The proprietor can recommend these Pills with the greatest confidence, believing them far superior to the Pills in general use, more mild, more prompt, safe and uniform in their operation.

In using them, no particular care is required. Persons may eat and drink as usual, if desirable, eat immediately after taking them.

Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach.

In small doses they are Alterative, and gently Laxative, but in large doses, they are actively cathartic; cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters, and producing healthy secretions of the stomach, liver and the various other organs of the body.

They may be taken at all times and in most diseases. In INFLAMMATORY, INTERMITTENT, REMITTENT, BILIOUS, and every other form of FEVER—JAUNDICE and LIVER COMPLAINT. For DYSPEPSIA they are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. They are very valuable for diseases of the skin, and for what is commonly called "Impurity of the blood." Also for Female Complaints, Costiveness, &c., and in fact every disease where an Aperient Alterative, or Purgative Medicine may be required.

☞ DYSPEPSIA POSITIVELY CAN BE CURED by a persevering use of this valuable SANATIVE, especially if the Tonic Vermifuge be used in conjunction. Price only 25 cents a box.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as worms. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected—Worms are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing convulsions, and too often death. The best remedy ever yet known is Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS, neutralizes acidity or Sourness of the Stomach, increases appetite, and acts as a general and permanent Tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Indigestion, &c., and is a certain and permanent cure for FEVER and AGUE.

It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the superabundant slime, or mucus, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the beds, or nest, in which worms produce their young, and by removing it, it is impossible for worms to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is always improved by its use, even when no Worms are discovered.

But it is very far, however, from being limited in its usefulness to mere cases of worms, for it may also be prescribed with most decided advantage in all derangements of the stomach and digestive organs—general debility, dropsical swellings, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, SICK HEADACHE, Sour stomach, menorrhagia, &c. Piles, Dyspepsia, Weakness, loss of Appetite, &c. &c.

Price 50 cents per bottle, or $5.00 per dozen.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

For the preservation, growth, beauty and restoration of the HAIR. This Hair Tonic has produced beautiful new hair on the heads of hundreds who had been bald for years. It also purifies the head from Dandruff—Preserves the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely Gray.

It is highly recommended by thousands who have used it, and know its value.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

is a certain, safe and effectual remedy for Dysentery, Diarrhoea, or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Cholic, Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Spitting up of the food after eating, and also where it passes through the body unchanged, Want of Appetite, Restlessness and Inability to sleep, Wind in the Stomach and Bowels, Hysterics, Cramp, Nervous Tremors and Twitchings, Sea Sickness, Faintings, Melancholy and Lowness of Spirits, fretting and crying of Infants, and for all BOWEL AFFECTIONS and all NERVOUS DISEASES.

This is one of the most efficient, pleasant and safe compositions ever offered to the public for the cure of the various derangements of the stomach and bowels and the only article worthy of the least confidence for curing CHOLERA INFANTUM or SUMMER COMPLAINT; and in all the above diseases it really acts like a charm.

All persons are requested to try it, for without exception, it is one of the most valuable family medicines ever yet discovered. Hundreds, nay thousands of certificates have been received from Physicians, Clergymen, and families of the first respectability, bearing the strongest testimony in its favor, too numerous to publish.

Price of large bottles 50 cents, small bottles 25 cents.

Dr. D. JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS.—A positive cure for FEVER and AGUE. Price $1.00.

Dr. D. JAYNE'S LIFE PRESERVATIVE.—For the cure of Scrofula, Kings Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Mercurial Diseases, Polypus, &c., and has never failed, in a single instance, whenever it has been used in curing GIOTRE or Bronchocele and CANCER.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

Darlington, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—My little son when about two months old, was seized with a bowel complaint. It continued for two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint; and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked, and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation; I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure.

The same child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were aroused, lest the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a tea spoon full of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast, and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency. Respectfully yours,

ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.

From the Rev. Dr. Babcock, late President of Waterville College, Me., now of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

From intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. D. Jayne, a regular student of the Medical University of Pennsylvania, and an experienced, successful practitioner of medicine, I was prepared to appreciate the numerous testimonials in favor of his different medical preparations, much more highly than the great majority of those which are extensively eulogized. On trial of them in my own family and some of those in possession, I have more than realized these favorable anticipations. They are what they profess to be—not quack nostrums, but skilfully prepared antidotes for some of the most afflictive of human diseases. I know that they are highly esteemed and frequently prescribed, by some of the most respectable of the regular practitioners of medicine in this city and elsewhere, and I do not hesitate to commend them as a valuable addition to our materia medica, and a safe, as well as eminently useful remedy for the diseased.

RUFUS BABCOCK, Jr. D. D.
Philadelphia, June 7, 1838.

Bridgeton, July 19, 1839.

This may certify that I have used Doctor Jayne's Carminative Balsam very extensively in Bowel Complaints, and have not the least hesitation in declaring it superior to any preparation that I have met with, for the relief of those diseases.

WILLIAM STEFLLING, M. D.
Physician to the Cumberland N. J. Almshouse.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1839.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic I had tried most of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit. Respectfully yours,

S. S. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 172 Chesnut Street.

Mount Town, Va. Aug. 27, 1839.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir: I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried.

Very respectfully yours,
S. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

☞ *Asthma cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.*—Miss Mary Campbell, of New Haven, Fayette county, has been cured of Asthma, of more than eighteen years continuance, by the use of *Dr. Jayne's Expectorant*. She commenced taking the medicine last summer, and after using eleven bottles, was entirely rid of this distressing disease. We are assured of this cure by a lady of undoubted veracity, and requested to make it public for the benefit of others.—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register.*

We can here only add the names of a few out of the many hundreds, who have used and recommended these valuable preparations, viz:—

Rev. Dr. Going, President of Granville College, Ohio.
Professor H. K. Green, Charlestown, Mass.
Rev. G. W. Eaton and Rev. J. S. Maginnes, Professors in the Hamilton (N. Y.) Literary and Theological Institution.
Rev. C. C. Park, late of Haddonfield, N. J.; Rev. Dr. Wm. Bacon, Dividing Creek, N. J.; Rev. John C. Harrison, Bordentown, N. J.; Rev. C. J. Hopkins, Bridgeton, N. J.
Rev. Ira M. Allen, N. Y.; Rev. C. C. P. Crosby, do.; Rev. John Ellis, do.; Rev. John Peck, Cazenovia, do.
Rev. J. W. Sawyer, Shaftsboro, Vt.
Rev. Arthur B. Bradford, Darlington, Pa.
Rev. Wm. Laws, Mount Town, Va.
Rev. Wm. Lewis, Ordinary of South Carolina.
Dr. M. L. Knapp, Late Physician to the Baltimore Dyspensary.
Rev. John Hall Ridley, Pa.; Rev. Wm. Hall, Berwick, do.
Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Providence, R. I.
Rev. A. Parker, Delaware county, Pa.
Rev. S. D. Owens, Madison, Ia.
Rev. M. J. Rhees, Wilmington, Del.
Late Rev. T. J. Kitts, Philadelphia; Rev. Joseph Rosling, do.; Nicholas Harris, Esq., do.; Mary Gill, do.; Rev. F. Ketchum, do.
Rev. James O. Rogers, Somerset co., N. J.

ALL THE ABOVE VALUABLE MEDICINES ARE PREPARED ONLY BY DR. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA. A discount of 33⅓ per cent will be made for cash to those who buy to sell again from the retail prices. No case agencies will be made. All letters must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

No charge for advice to any one call at his Office—All are welcome. June 27-1y